Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie
Am I, who readie heere do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Morfolke,
That he is a Traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bolde
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Martiall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For Mowbray and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord Aumarle,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweete.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-folde vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his Sonne.
Gaunt. God in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous.
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enemie,
Rouſe vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.
Mow. How euer God or fortune caſt my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his Chaines of Bondage, and embrace,
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie.
Moſt mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to ieſt,
Goe I to fight, truth hath a quiet breſt.
King. Farewell (my Lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
Mart. Harrie of Herforde, Lancaſter, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolke.
Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.
A Traitour to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
Her. Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,